



Mail-Ge Times



VOL. XXXIII — NO. 10

MACDONALD COLLEGE

Friday, Dec. 2, 1960



“PEACE ON EARTH”

EDITORIALS.....COMMENTS

.. 'Goodwill to All Men'

As the Christmas season approaches, our thoughts turn to going home, seeing the family, receiving gifts and going to parties. Far too many of us forget the true significance of this festive period. 1960 years ago a child was born. He came on earth to show man the way to peace. 1960 years later man is still fighting wars and greedily "doing unto others before they do unto you."

Throughout the world hundreds of men are losing their lives daily in large and small wars between countries and within countries. The largest percentage of our national budget is directed towards defence spending, while needy people around the world starve to death because we can't afford to ship our surplus food to their countries. Is it any wonder that the Afro-Asian nations are turning towards Communism when we turn down their requests for assistance.

At this time of the year it would do well to reflect on ways that YOU can help to make this world a better place to live and play. The world situation can be improved by the actions of each and every one of us. YOUR attitude towards YOUR neighbours in the world community is the first step towards world peace. It takes the combined actions of each and every one of us to bring any world-wide action.

We have many problems right at home in the form of racial prejudices, personal greed and plain indifference. We profess to be Christians and piously go to church at Christmas and Easter. But bright and early Monday morning we are once again trying to beat our neighbours again. It is selfishness such as this on a large scale that leads to war and wars lead only to unhappiness.

Long ago it became quite evident that there are no real benefits from war and with each passing year it becomes even more evident. Why then do we continue to fight. As the world community matures, the futility of war will be realized more and more. It is our duty as the rising young leaders of the future to learn the basic facts of getting along with our neighbours. A little effort on your part can go a long way as an example to your fellow man.

From all the staff of the Failt-Ye Times, I wish to you and yours a very happy and holy Christmas and best of luck in the New Year and in the exams coming up.

ABOUT OUR COVER

This week, we decided to feature a different type of cover. In doing this we have departed from the traditional Dean's message and scrambled picture idea and have come up with something which we feel is more suited to this time of the year. The simple white star shining down upon the stable in the lower right, with the worshippers and other symbols, stands for the religious aspects of Christmas. The hand holding the olive branch, represents the eternal desire for peace, particularly significant in these days. Thus, we see the union of the peace and religious themes of Christmas in startling black and white, the colours themselves symbolic of a desire to return to the simple values of Christianity. (Cover by Harry Needham.)

Dinner in the Delightful
Atmosphere of

LARRY
MOQUIN'S

CANADA
HOTEL

Dancing Nightly in Our Grill



Morale Lifter

Dear Sir:

As two weary toiling thirsty project workers and exam students who were on Monday night forced to brave a cold, wet, icy path to a local member of the Diners Club, we feel that the facilities available therein should also be found in the Coffee Shop and available to weary, thirsty, project workers and exam students.

We propose this: (1) the soft drink machines be replaced by coolers dispensing chilled, golden, delectable ale; (2) that one third of the Coffee Shop be reserved for men only, with attractive female students serving pretzels and other sundry items (matches, cigars, etc.).

We suggest a Royal Commission be appointed to pursue this subject further.

Should these proposals be adopted, we feel that the morale of the Senior Aggies will be much enhanced.

Sincerely,
D.R.C. & H.W.M.

Disgust

The Editor,
The Failt-Ye Times.

Dear Mr. Phillips:

The "FIREWORKS" debate last Monday was a complete dud. I am not referring to the speakers but the publicity given to the event. After weeks of the American-style "Preview-to-Spectacular" treatment the whole affair was notoriously climaxed by the dubious front-page reporting in the last (Nov. 25) class edition. Indeed, the S.T.S. publicity crew must have been working overtime.

On the "Big day" I discovered to my surprise that the two men were not wrangling in "an 'atom-smashing' duel" but that they were simply stating their honest and sincere opinions on a matter of current interest. Both the gentlemen did an excellent job of presenting their heartfelt opinions to the audience. The publicity was out of place: it was malignant. I felt a deep pang of humility to the point of disgust when I remembered that article in "The Voice of Macdonald College". It was not needed and I doubt that either of those men would ever have asked for it.

In future, when a distinguished gentleman accepts an invitation to discuss a question on current events on this campus, I think it would be a sound policy not to herald his coming with such an unrealistic publicity.

Yours very truly,

John van ABBEMA.
(Agr. 2)

JOKE

On a very cold, snowy day, a man walked into a bar and said: "I'm a little stiff from the cold."

Across the room came the reply: "Where'd you say you were from?"

"Pre-Exam Jitters"

Music by the "Saxons"

led by Bill Daichum

8:30 to 11:45 p.m.

in the Women's Gym

Soft drinks on sale

Price only \$.35 per head

Council Corner

- Meeting of Nov. 29th.
- We have Treasure Van for one day! This valuable store of handicrafts from all parts of the world will be here on Friday Dec. 2nd. Everyone is invited to the foyer on Friday, from 10:00 a.m. until 10:00 p.m.
- The West Indian Society has been recognised by Council
- The 'Lassie' will appear on the rink wall, compliments of the S.C.
- letter from the U.N.B. duplicate bridge club. They are planning a National University Tournament. Anyone interested?
- a letter was received from the Rev. Mr. Kerr regarding the possibility of bringing some religious leaders to talk on 'Christian Faith' to our campus, in January.
- the committee working on the centralization of equipment will present their final recommendations next week.
- the Awards Committee is almost ready to present their proposals, and will do so at the next Council meeting.
- the Constitution Committee reported on their progress up to the present.
- A Very Merry Christmas to all the students, faculty and administration from the Students' Council, and a Prosperous New Year.

Companionship

For years people have been saying that the country is going to the dogs, especially since the Diefenbaker government came into power. This is usually brushed aside as simply idle bitching, and not being exactly true. However in the last few weeks it has appeared that if the country isn't going to the dogs, at least the Macdonald College campus is.

Sleepily staggering over to breakfast, it is quite shocking to find that your table partner isn't returning your intellectual conversation because he (or she) is a black French Poodle. Leaving him to finish his toast in peace, you wander over to the Main Building and are almost bowled over going through the arch-way of the Arctic Circle. No! That wasn't a

new model of a midget foreign car. It was only one of the gangs of dogs heading over to a rumble near the Coffee Shoppe.

Finally reaching the safety (???) of the Main Building you relax your guard. Suddenly a loud yelp informs you that that soft piece of floor belonged to a large and annoyed collie. Retreating quickly to your lecture room you are finally free from dogs. Where did that whine come from??? Oh no! "Well at least there aren't any dogs in my room." Oh yeah!, says your room-mate. "The poor little thing looked so lonely outside."

Maybe the country is going to the dogs after all.

Yours etc.,
D.O.G.

The Failt-Ye Times

"The Voice of Macdonald College"

Published weekly by the Board of Publications, Macdonald College. The opinions expressed herein are those of the Editorial Staff and not necessarily those of the Students' Council.

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On Campus

by Harry Needham

The fact that we have received at this date, No letters from anyone regarding the suggestions made in last week's Failt-Ye is but another indication of what we already feared; that Macdonald College students ARE intellectually sterile, and in plain words, just don't give a damn. We changed this column for one reason and for one reason only; to give you, the student body, the chance to give us your ideas and suggestions on topics of paramount interest on the campus. You've let us down. There you sit, on your fat little bottoms, watching the world go by. Wise up, people, its later than you think. The college is virtually going to pot around your ears and you won't do a thing to prevent it. Leave it to the Council, say some. Hogwash! If you won't do something about a situation that you don't like, you don't deserve to have the situation altered in your favour. Others mutter under their bad little breaths, leave it to the staff, maybe they can do it. The staff is here for one reason and that's to drill a little knowledge into your thick little skulls and maybe, just maybe, excite your intellectual curiosity of relying on your teachers so that you'll want to do something four yourselves. This attitude belongs back in high school along with the rest of your babyish ways. Most of the people who have been in college for a while realize this and do something about it. But for others, the idea of coming forward and saying "Here, now. What can we do about this and how soon can it be done?" has not sunk in. This, obviously, does not apply to everyone. There are a lot of people in the most junior years who have done a lot. For these people, I have just one word of comment. Thanks. You've proved yourselves worthy of this college. But now your job is even more important. Yours is the task is infecting everyone else with the enthusiasm that you have. Are you doing it?

And now down to earth. The first bit deals with the Ye Olde College Kennel Cub. This fine old organization, a non-profit group, run by the dogs themselves appears to be growing in popularity by leaps and bounds. Last year, the club seemed to consist of one little hound and a noisy back bundle of fur that occasionally reposed in the centre of the hall in front of the Education Office. This year we have brutes of every size and description. We hesitate to speculate on the various breeds represented because nobody seems to be quite sure of any of them. No doubt their pedigrees (if they had them) would be most remarkable documents.

Indeed, it's not often that students in the institute have the opportunity of seeing practical AN HUS at close range. Oh, well.

Item two deals with the coffee shop. Apparently some people of this college were brought up as members of some inferior breed of swine. There is no excuse for people who leave bits of trash and garbage, along with cups and plates, on the tables for other people to clean up. The same goes for the amateur basketball players who throw crumpled paper cups and other juicy tidbits at the waste baskets provided in the Coffee Shop. Gods, people, if you must miss the ruddy thing, you could at least retrieve your missile and gently DROP it in the basket. I call for heavier fines, more rigidly enforced against the litterbugs.

Our next little bundle goes to the people who tear down and disfigure posters placed around the college buildings. These things cost money and where does this money come from? You, of course. And yet you put up, or even laugh, with these idiots who do these things. People who see these things going on and don't stop or report persons involved are as bad as the miscreants themselves. How would you feel if it was YOUR sign that was destroyed? We can only say that the people who do these things must be of a decidedly lower level of intellect than anyone else. I may not agree with the ideas of some of the groups around college, but do I tear down their posters? Only a person with an abnormally low IQ (say around 50) would resort to such a measure.

And then there are the people who clutter the aisles just before the platform party comes into the assembly hall on Monday mornings. Last Monday we almost had to thread our way through the milling throngs of yammering students as we entered the hall. What's the matter, children, haven't you the graciousness to shut up as you come in? Do you think Dr. Hanson cares to have a noisy group of young ruffians drown out his organ solos that he has obviously spent a great deal of time preparing. Isn't it odd that the people involved always seem to come from one class. Know which one?

continued on page 11)

Dion vs Yaffe

Radiation Helpful In Small Amounts

The FIREWORKS in the assembly hall last Monday was watched by a record crowd for such an "ungodly", as Dr. Yaffe put it, hour of the morning as Dr. Leo Yaffe and Dr. H.G. Dion slugged away at the question of nuclear testing. It was evident from the first that both scientists were diametrically opposed on the question at hand and little time was wasted in letting the audience know about it. Though it was a far cry from the prosaic speeches of yesterday that have played so prominent a role in Institute assemblies, both speakers seemed to leave out vital parts of their arguments.

Dr. Dion's figures, the "best guesses available", seemed to prove his point very well, and at the end of his oration, people were wondering just how our guest from McGill could possibly refute him. Yet I think that the Dean should have spend more time on positive constructive criticism, rather than blasting the idea of nuclear arms. I think we are all agreed that nuclear warfare would be an almost unthinkable disaster, but how can we remedy the present situation?

Dr. Yaffe, on the other hand, minimized the effects of nuclear testing, saying that since we are already "bathed in a sea of radiation", what harm could a little more do, and that was not radiation, in small amounts, helpful in many cases? The major part of his speech seemed to be the all-out moral condemnation of the idea of war itself. In this we think that he missed the point completely, as the effects of nuclear testing, were minimized as much as possible.

In a debate of this nature, it is difficult for one to say arbitrarily that one speaker or the other "won". The only thing that we can do is sum up our impressions on the matter and leave it for you to decide. Dr. Yaffe supported his point of view with humour and the use of analogies: Dr. Dion, by figures. Which one had the stronger case?

some reason or the other, are the Faculty of Arts and Science! Hmph!)

All the students in Agriculture are invited to attend this meeting — the last of the A.I.C. series for this term. It should be very interesting and informative. Are the Russians practicing what they accept — viz: the Lamarckian theory? How far behind are they in the pure sciences? How much have they learned from recent advancements in genetics in the west? Can they teach us anything? or can we show them where they are wrong? I am not going to ask all the questions for you! Think up some of your own. Remember, this coming Monday, Dec. 5, in the Biology building.

From the Macdonald College Branch of the Agricultural Institute of Canada to all its members and well wishers an early "Merry Christmas, Happy New Year and the Best for the coming year".

Winter Carnival 1961

At the first meeting of the Winter Carnival Committee, it was decided to launch an "idea drive" for new events to incorporate in our 1961 Winter Carnival. With this in mind, a Suggestion Box has been placed in the foyer of Stewart Hall. It is hoped that students will limber up their imaginations, come up with some good ideas, and make use of said Box. One suggestion receiving close consideration is that of putting as many events as is feasible on an inter-collegiate basis, for example, an inter-collegiate skiing competition, and an inter-collegiate curling bonspiel. By the way, the Carnival Committee is still short of help, so keep an eye on the Bulletin Boards and come to the next meeting!

TENDERS

are now being accepted
for the position of

CAMPUS
DOG-CATCHER

Address all applications
to the Nutrition Dept.
Must supply own net.

Deadline — Yesterday.

Genetics behind the Iron Curtain

Dr. J. W. BOYES discusses Recent Trends

Recent developments in the field of Genetics in Russia have given us reason to believe that the Lamarckian theory has been receiving increasing attention from the Party. The basis for this viewpoint and the effects it may have on genetic research in the west will be discussed by Dr. J.W. Boyes, Chairman, Department of Genetics, Faculty of Arts and Science, McGill. The meeting has been organized by the Macdonald College Branch of the Agricultural Institute of Canada, and is to take place next Monday, December 5, at 8.30 p.m. in the amphitheatre of the Biology Building.

Dr. J.W. Boyes was born in Sundridge, Ontario. He went out west for his early education, receiving his B.Sc. and M.Sc. from Saskatchewan. He did his Ph.D. work in Botany at the University of Wisconsin. However, his main interest has always been cytogenetics — the study of chromosomes. He is not completely a stranger to Macdonald College. Most of the work in Genetics



Dr. J.W. Boyes

that has any bearing at all with Agriculture, is carried out at Mac; (the head quarters, for



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I Dig - Do You

This being the season of Christmas (Christmas trees, Santa Claus, presents and gifts, greetings cards, Grand X'mas Sales, and the New Year Dance...), as I was saying, the season of Christmas, and Peace on Earth and Goodwill to All Men, etc., I thought it might be a good idea to interject a little bit of pro — and anti-religion into this Christmas edition of the Failt-Ye Times. To start the snow-ball rolling, let's look at the following for a few seconds: "Judge not, that ye be judged!" That's from the Bible. Stop and think on that! It's very simple. It means that if you call somebody a fool, you stand a very good chance of being called a sucker yourself. So what happens? Some of the most respected human beings stand up on pulpits and decry isms, such as communism, for instance. Now I admit that I don't know communism from Adam, if such an expression can be used. The main point is that one who preaches the Bible or tries to do so, should make such a pronouncement, either in public or privately, and feel so saintly while doing so! or take for example the "If-you-don't-go-to-church-the-kingdom-of-heaven-will-not-be-granted-to-you" sequence of persuasion. I submit that essentially there's no difference between this sort of persuasion and that of the communists: "Do-this-or-the-State-will-liquidate-you" or words to that effect sort of persuasion. "Ah", say the pro-religionists, "but we don't kill!" Of course, they very conveniently forget the Crusades of the Christians and the Islamic wars of the Moslems (Why we have to use capital letter for anything religious I don't understand!). "That was done in the name of God". Well, if to the communists the State is a God, what's wrong with their killing their infidels? "Plenty", according to the pro-religionists. First, the commie God is different from their God. The pro-religion God is a Divine God (?), an intuitively, accepted entity for those who have chosen the right path. Hurrah for illogic cry I, the anti-religionist. Intuitive! Bunkum. I was brought up in the atmosphere of the church; I was told about God; I was indoctrinated. — why, I ask then, is this sort of indoctrination better than the communist or nazi indoctrination? (I dare not use a capital N for nazi!) The basic approach is the same in both. Not that I am condoning the nazi or the communist regimes; far from it! What I am interested in is the basic approach. "Well", argue the pro-religionists, "what about the Divinity of God?" Well, the commies have as much right to believe in their God (the State, its Peoples, etc.) whether Divine or not, as the pro-religionists in theirs. It's the indoctrination that matters. And on what basis do the pro-religionists say: "Our God is better"? Simple. "Our God promises a happy life after death. What does communism have to offer? Nothing!" From what I have heard of communism (I am speaking now of the Utopia) the people sacrifice their personal freedom for the freedom of the State, the State being the people. A very cozy merry-go-round, but with a lot of sense in it. It's a system where selfishness cannot raise its ugly head. Very ideal. Why, it even scores a point on the pro-religionists! The churchgoers go to church to save their souls! Tch, tch, tch. Selfish soul-fishers!

If there are among you readers now, who are getting hot, simmer down. Don't get carried away (look who's talking!). I haven't said anything bad about the Church. If I did I might not get a job for the next twenty years, and personally, I can't see myself learning the Russian Language. (see? I am selfish too.) I may even have exceeded myself! If this was being written in Christian United States, I'd be OUT! So what's the difference between here and Russia? How are we any better? Freedom, my eye! (I was going to say Freedom my foot but that sounds a little too strong for a noble word like Freedom). We ostracize a pro-com, they ostracize a pro-religionist. No difference! Now don't come up with the argument that a pro-rel. is better than a pro-com. First, that's not my argument; I want to show the basic methods that are common to both. Secondly, since we are not to judge, we cannot say one is better than the other. Moreover, a pro-com. is basically the same as a pro-rel. After all, they are both pro-something. The something doesn't matter too much, but the pro- does!

Which leads us into my favourite hunting grounds — Faith. I submit that there is no difference between Christianity, Islam, Judaism, Capitalism, or Communism. A very bold statement perhaps, but I wouldn't make it if I wasn't sure in my own head of its veracity. All these religions (and hence my use of pro- and anti-religion since anything not Christian or Islam or Jewish or not pro-"religion" is not considered religious), yes, as I was saying, all these religions survive or have survived until now on one diet — Faith. The Christians have faith in Christ; the Moslems have faith in their one and only God; the capitalists have faith in their dollar (though I must admit it was badly shaken in 1929), and the communists have faith in their twisted "Das Kapital" concept of communism. It doesn't matter what you believe in; it's the act of believing that is important. If a devout Christian believes in the Holy Trinity (he'd have to or he wouldn't be a devout Christian — a nice merry-go-round again) then he doesn't ask questions. His mind is too numb to accept or reject any idea. Then how is his faith any different from that of a youth during the Nazi Regime (I made it) who believed implicitly in the "Heil Hitler" and turned against his own parents? Both these faiths were achieved through indoctrination. Pavlov called it "conditioning", Aldous Huxley called it "The Brave New World" and Orwell called it "1984". So long as this Big-Brother-down-here-or-up-there attitude is assumed and the drumming continued, I submit that there's no difference between the pro- and the anti-religions. Religion is therefore one. It's faith — in anything. You cannot say that this faith is better than that because of the relative superiority of the object of faith. It's the act of faith which is important. And I, for one, will not have any of it so long as it is pushed at me. I have found my own (at least so I think) and I am quite happy. You see, it saves me from judging others; and I hate being judged!

Which is perhaps exactly what most of those readers whose eyebrows are raised disapprovingly at the moment must be doing. Well, don't strain it too much. I'll be around next term, I hope; be glad to talk it over then. Until such times, have a little faith in yourself and pick up that textbook — too much dust is not good for the lungs — good-luck and (I was going to say — well darn it I'll say it) — God bless you. Merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Cameran MIRZA

Prof. Munro

This year the Failt-Ye-Times offers its Christmas greetings somewhat early. There is good reason, of course, because the editorial staff will be prepared to write other papers before they leave for the vacation. Offering our greetings at the beginning of December, however, has one great advantage: we can spread our celebration over a longer period, over at least a month instead of a day.

While it is important that we lengthen the period leading up to Christmas, it is even more important that the Christmas spirit should be carried into the month after our celebrations are over. Thus, if the spirit of goodwill were spread this year beyond December 25th into the month or the year ahead, this would be an occasion to remember.

With every good wish,
Signed
David MURROE,
Director
Institute of Education.
November 28, 1960

Stimulating

Last Thursday evening, November 24, at 8:00 P.M. in the Stewart Room a S.T.S. sponsored Lecture-discussion took place with Prof. Nash and Mr R. Overing as guest speakers.

Prof. Nash began by giving a very interesting talk on Whitehead's Concept of Inert Ideas. Mr Overing then divided the sixty people present into five discussion groups in which a paragraph of Whitehead's writing was discussed. After a short discussion in these groups the people were brought back to express the different group opinions on the topic given them. A very lively discussion followed in which many different ideas were expressed. At the close of the Lecture-discussion hot chocolate and shortbread was served.

Modern Christmas

"One hundred days till
[Christmas], they say,
"Do not get caught in the rush",
"Santa is coming to town, today",
The hateful advertisements gush.

Christmas trees sprout on store-
[roofs and fronts,
Loudspeakers scream Season's

[Cheer;
People grow sick of that period,
[nee
The happiest time of the year.

Where is the Christmas that
[once used to seem
Cheerful, and simple, and fun?
Is it, like youth, a forgotten
[dream?
O, what have we humans
[become?

The date of the year when
[He should be adored
Comes on us each time like
[a blight,
For without the birth of our
[Holy Lord,
Christmas is tinfoil and trite.

C. Jon Cross

The March...

(Continued from Page 6)

they had already forgotten about it. Their thoughts were now directed on that March that the Chairman had told them about. Ought to be great fun! After all, they weren't marching for nothing. The newspapers would be covering the story of the March. With luck, some of them might even get their pictures in the paper! Yes, the March was a damn good idea. They would show those Buderstatson people what kind of marchers the Young People were; yes they would show them alright! By jove!

First place
Cameran MIRZA.
(Agr. IV)

CHRISTMAS MESSAGES

DR. DION

At Christmas, the spirit of goodfellowship and peace on earth are paramount in our minds. We know that our problems and the problems of the world would be solved by application of these sentiments on a wholehearted basis the year round. While man is good, particularly at Christmas, he is also evil, selfish, mistrustful and occasionally vindictive. Our personal happiness, and our future as a nation and as part of the One World of today, depend on the expression and support that is demonstrated by all of us as individuals and peace on earth and goodwill to our neighbors, both local and national.

All of us, at Macdonald, are conscious of the debt we owe to Sir William Macdonald. His goodwill to his fellowman has been expressed in real terms at Macdonald (and McGill), where students from all lands can, as a result of his generosity, not only get an education and training that might otherwise be denied them, but can also learn to appreciate and understand the essential unity of mankind, whatever our origins.

One of Sir William Macdonald's favorite quotations was an appropriate summary of his philosophy. It can be commended to us all, and runs:

"For we must share
If we would keep
That blessing from above.
Ceasing to give
We cease to have,
Such is the Law of Love."

With best wishes to all of the Clan, past and present, from all of us on the staff at Christmas and the New Year.

H.-G. DION

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

WHY NOT...

—set up a committee to look into the obtaining of the old gas dynamics building for a recreation centre?

—institute a Player of the Week award in football, basketball, and hockey, with a write up and picture of each week's winner appearing in the "Failt-Ye?"

—devise a weekly "Shit List" to appear in the "Failt-Ye?" (Such lists were found useful in Olympic training camps—at Mac, such sinners as date-breakers, oval crossers, and misers of Freshmen duties, etc., would be eligible for the lists.)

—freeze all the girls leave cards into the skating rink?

—regular college assemblies—say one every two weeks, perhaps one for the Institute and one for the Faculty?

—find a posture queen, to set an example to many of the Mac co-eds?

—have a sugaring off party in the Spring?

—select a person to make a monthly inventory of our record selections in the coffee shop, and act accordingly?

—start a regular "Food For Thought" column in the "Failt-Ye," with contributions from the student body?

Pre Exam Jitters

This Saturday, the "Pre-Exam Jitters" dance will give students an opportunity to leave behind the tedious task of studying for the evening, and relax and enjoy themselves for a few hours. "Rocking" Bill Daichun and his group, "The Saxons," are going to be there to supply music for dancing. Bill also has a large repertoire of songs, some of which he will undoubtedly sing on Saturday evening. So, why not make a point of coming along and joining in the fun?

The charge is 35 cents per person. Refreshments will be on sale. "Pre-Exam Jitters" will get under way at 8:30 p.m., in the Women's Gym.

KNITTING

Sewing Competitions Royal '61

Knitting

Cardigan Sweaters — bulky and fine knit. (separate classes)
Pullover Sweaters — bulky and fine knit. (separate classes)
Socks — plain and fancy.

Sewing

Wool Skirts — straight.
Blouses — any style and fabric.
Dusters — any style and fabric.

Stuffed Animals

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Bishop's University

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And care not who replies,
Unless a child
Who thinks you have a
[funny face
And says so,
And likes to sit beside the
[coloured lady,
Aunt Jemima,
And know everything
[about everything,
Until an adult hand
Curbs inhibition it its
[little friend.
A woman, fat and squat,
[vulcanized to
The thinnish man who
[hides behind his cane,
Marred by the passing
[architecture
Of humanity,
Profaned by the shrewish
[woman
And her shrewish fat-
[assed ways,
Although he does not say
[so,
But sits gently,
His bowler fitting tight.
The dowager, the face-
[less queen without
[a kingdom,
The missing link in evo-
[lution,
Sits slumming it like a
[sport.
Her pancaked face belies
[a pancaked mind,
Chipping away,
Crumbling as the aristo-
[cracy
To liberal ideas and rid-
[ing on a bus.
Still the paper comes on
[time,
And still the clerks wait
[first on her,
But brush aside a tell-tale
[smirk.

2nd prize

the back window

by Shelagh KELSEY,
Mount A.

She stared vacantly out the window and as her hands moved listlessly from the kettle to the cup, she quite forgot its capacity. Suddenly, she jerked her hand away cursing under her breath. Sighing bitterly and still nursing her seared fingers, she turned and gazed wistfully around the room. It was small, dirty and bare. The peeling wallpaper had long ceased to resemble its original pattern because of ugly stains which were the result of water. The roof had developed a multitude of grinning cracks with age. The stains spread like some pestulant disease and, in some places, the network covered the walls from ceiling to floor. The room contained little furniture and what there was was worth nothing. An old iron bedstead stood in one corner. The spings sagged in the middle and one leg, being shorter than the other, caused the whole structure to sag lachrymously to one side. The bedclothes were filthy and most were heaped at one end; there was no pillow. In the centre of the room stood a table balanced precariously on four shaky legs. The other pieces were an ancient, dilapidated wood stove near the door, and a chair, unpainted and rickety, standing by the window. The window stared unblinkingly at a blank brick wall. In fact, on all four sides of the square beneath, were blank walls of brick and wood. There was no exit or entrance. The sun hardly reached this lonely spot, thus there was nothing but rubbish and dirt...

What a life she had come to! How? Why? If there was a God, as her simple faith decreed, why must she suffer? Was he not a compassionate and loving God? Yet, she suffered... Why didn't he, this perfect gentleman, who had stormed their small town, a city slicker, who had stolen her heart? At this thought, she laughed out loud. It was not funny, but cruel. Oh so cruel! Her thoughts fled swiftly back through the last year or so. He had been so suave, so intelligent and such a gentleman with his stiff collar, shiny pointed shoes and slick black hair. She remembered how she had felt at seeing the large jewelled tie-pin... such a gentleman... He had had her father completely under his thumb... She remembered how he had talked to her father with his big words and smooth voice—oily! that's what it was! How silly it was now, to think they had listened goggle-eyed to him, something so new and exciting in the life of simple country folk... but she had been far more gullible! She had fallen head over heels!... and yet, he had been so wonderful... she remembered all the nights that had passed... how he talked to her of the city... the nightclubs... wine... dancing. She remembered the dancing... how one could dance all night—and it was no simple country style, but the smooth dreamy waltzes... elegant cha-cha... the swinging black mambo... everything... music—great bands, not merely an idle fiddler, self taught... A picture swirling with the luxurious frivolities of life, calling, beckoning... urging her to accept him and fly quickly to the city on golden clouds, leaving the unexciting life in the village... a picture full of wine, song and pink elephants... a delicate mass of floating fibres, interwoven with excitement and life!... swirling on and on, ne-

ver to cease its vibrant motion, gently floating back and forth across her mind... Then, there was the baby... she remembered the startling effect it had upon her father once he knew... she remembered the edging... the silence, cold and unrelenting... the condemning voice of the preacher... the scolding and contemptuous faces of friends and family... Pa standing there so grimly, and after that, HE had changed. She had no appeal... he'd even told her so to her face... the only reason he had paid any attention to her was to have some fun in this god-forsaken hamlet... get a thrill... Yeah! Some fun! He hated her, thought she was simple... Oh, God! How could a man change his feeling so completely, be so false? Leading her on and on... and how... nothing left. Absolutely nothing... the lights swirled before her eyes and walls and floors danced in a frenzied flight nowhere... her head seemed light and things began to fade into nothingness; she grabbed hold of herself and everything jarred back to reality. She stared dizzily at the window... it was so empty... leading nowhere... Why was she here? She had followed him so faithfully to the city... only to wind up stuck in this hole with nothing, not even the baby... He'd seen to that. The agony and torture she'd gone through just because he insisted no child of his would ever be born... the pain seared through her brain and all the anguish flooded back... the room... that grinning, leering face... dirty... that tearing pain... Oh, God! He'd left her... left her by herself with nothing... and how? What was there?... NOTHING! She gazed at the window in bewildered silence. She became aware of other sounds... those tenants next door—fighting! That's all they ever did, night and day... fight, fight, fight! Those voices laughing... children... a cruel laugh, teasing... mean... must be down the street teasing a small child... maybe it was better the little one was gone... What a life—to be brought up here. Of course, she could go home... but, with what?... the window leered at her with agonizing silence... the window! Was that the answer? She could get out! The answer had been there all the time! Yes, the window...

The darkened room was silent and bare. A few dark blobs loomed in the inky blackness; the old iron bedstead crouching resignedly in its corner, the stove leering from its own shadows, and the chair standing lopsidedly in front of the window, more like a step than a seat... the only change was the window. A thin dull ray of moonlight trickled in through the gaping hole. It lay open and silent to the night. Beneath, a darkened form lay unmoving amid the dirt and rubble... broken... but freed from torment.

2nd PRIZE

In the next four pages you will find the Literary Supplement of the Failt-Ye Times. Included are some of the prize winners from the N.F.C.U.S. (National Federation of Canadian University Students) Literary contest, the Failt-Ye contest and many other works of students on and off the Campus, which the editors found very interesting and felt that you would enjoy. This does not include all the entries in the Failt-Ye contest; those not published today will appear in future issues of the Times.

The editors regret that the prize winning entry (in the prose section of the N.F.C.U.S. contest) "The Pilgrim Express", by Elaine Colwill of the University of Western Ontario, could not be printed because of its extreme length.

Read through the works published herein and let us know what you think of them and the idea of a Literary Supplement such as this.

The Simple Last Hours of an Obscure

by Deborah Eibel, McGill University

*A simple hour, and reptile clouds
Invaded attics of the sky;
A forest saint compared two paths
And chose a silent place to die.*

*A hermit and a fallen tree:
He hailed it Dreaming Skeleton—
It seemed his shadow. Both were black
Against white birch, the forest nun.*

*A silent place, his place to die:
Along the ground each leaf he met
Lay vicar of a season's god—
Some leaf which had not fallen yet.*

*A sparrow died: the saint gave up
A last, a simple hour, to sit
And mourn this tiny death; he knew
His own death soon would echo it.*

*A simple hour to end his walk:
The chill of infant night enthralled
Him. Attics of the sky come down
And reptile clouds about him crawled.*

*The hermit, in his dying, knew
The forest sky should never rest
If stars returned each night to play
Upon that day-rubbed palimpsest.*

*A simple hour: the dying saint
Recalled the night he left the sea
To build a forest hut, and have
The moon appraise his carpentry.*

*Tonight the moon as forester
Came down to greet the hermit, put
Herself into a barque of clouds
And led the saint into his hut.*

*The simplest hour, his hour to die:
The hermit stretched his arm—an oar
Of withered flesh—and with his tools
He nailed a flower to the floor.*

*He nailed a flower, nailed a prayer—
A gentle rite. Old trees began
To lean upon his hut—they knew
Man followed tree, tree followed man.*

1st Prize

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FAILT-YE Literary

The March

by CAMERAN MIRZA, Agr. IV

The Chairman called the meeting to order at exactly seven and a half minutes past seven. "Good evening, Ladies and Gentleman. We have gathered here tonight, as you all must know, to resolve a problem that has faced mankind for generations past," he paused for effect; "the problem of WAR." There was a hushed silence, and the echo of that last word went around the room for about thirty seconds. It was a large room, half filled with people—mostly young people from the colleges and the universities in and around the cities. They all looked up at the Chairman, as a dog would look up to its master holding a bone in his hand. "The time has come", continued the Chairman, "for us, the young people of today, and the future citizens of tomorrow, to find ways and means of eradicating this evil from the face of the earth! We must organize ourselves; we must be the leaders; we must show the government the right way," he was leaning on the table, straining his neck out with a defiant and dedicated look on his face. "And, Ladies and Gentlemen, WE CAN DO IT": with which words he banged his fist on the table. The young people cheered and clapped and nodded their heads wisely. "To speak to us tonight on the policy that our group should adopt in order to better carry out our aims and objectives, we have with us a very distinguished guest—a gentleman, who in nineteen hundred and sixty one, undertook the March to Bunderstatson, the march, ladies and Gentlemen, that proved to the world that We can do something about war. I give to you Mr. Josef Joseph Smyth."

Mr. Josef Joseph Smyth got up, thanked the speaker for his introduction, and addressed the young people. He spoke for three quarters of an hour; he described that miserable day, when with good cheer and high spirits, they who were marching to Bunderstatson, packed up their lunches, strapped on their snow boots and to the strains of "Marching to Pretoria" took off on that memorable journey. It snowed, a record for the month of March; it rained — another record! and the winds — they were the worst; south by south east at forty knots. Mr. Smyth explained that he was a pilot during the second world war. The war he would never forget. He had shot down five Japs.

The young people clapped. They were listening to a World War II Ace! Mr. Smyth regretted that the film on that memorable journey could not be shown to this group, because another dedicated group had first requested for its showing. As Mr. Smyth sat down and the applause died, the bells of St. Xavier rang out the hour of eight.

The young people looked at their watches; Elfin Trolly and his swingin' guitar were coming on on the Dud Solomen Show, and they didn't want to miss it. The Chairman looked unperturbed. "Thank you, Mr. Smyth, for your enlightening speech. At least now we know what we must do; we must March! Ladies and Gentlemen, I would like to see a show of hands from all those who are willing to join in the March. Your executive will inform you of the date and the time of the March, and also the place to which we will March." Eager hands shot out of the seats; it took some young people some time in getting their hands free, but the vote was unanimous.

"Before I adjourn this meeting, I would like to draw to your attention that the price of our Organisation Button has been reduced by five cents. I have some here; if you would like to purchase these, please come up here." There was a look of hesitation on the part of those young people who were not wearing the Organization Button; they really didn't want to miss Trolly. "Come, come, Ladies and Gentlemen. How can you show the world that you belong to this dedicated organization if you do not display the symbol on your clothes? Be proud; you now belong to the only young people's organization of this kind on this side of the Atlantic. Thirty-five cents."

There was a scraping of chairs as the young people got up. The luckier ones — those with the buttons — headed for the door; the others moved up to the Chairman's table. The Chairman was shaking hands with Mr. Smyth. "It gives me great pleasure in naming you an Honorary Member of our humble group", said the Chairman as he pinned the Button on to Mr. Smyth's coat lapel.

Outside, the night was cool and the street was empty. The young people were quiet. It was too late now to see the swingin' guitar;

(Following to Page 4)

TO SHAKESPEARE

by DOREEN LIGHTHALL, IG

O master tongue of all our Saxon race,
Who placed man's 'heart of hearts' upon the stage,
Who shaped his figures from the muddy base
Of common men, and wrought them free of age.

From his pure essence shot unequalled flame
Which leapt onto the page, and from that page
An actor thundered greatness, without fame,
As England blindly gazed upon her sage.

We are the silhouettes! We men of clay,
On whom he hung a galaxy of hues
And trumpeted out truth, or softer lay
Of star-sown heavens, and earth's shimmering dews.
Kings, warriors, clowns, he has for time enshrined,
And thrust a torch into the human mind.

A Survivor's Story

by JIM DARROCH, Class 3

The moon cast a chromium-plated strip across the sea highlighting the floating debris and the bobbing head of A.B. Greer. He had been in the water for an hour, but it seemed more like three or four since he had been clambering down the ladder from the bridge, cursing his relief for being late. He had almost reached the bottom of the ladder when the first explosion rocked the ship and dropped Greer to his knees. He had lain on the steel deck while the ship had tilted up as though levered from the front and then slapped back into the sea with a great shudder.

The bows had been sheared off just aft of "A" gun revealing what was left of the forward mess deck; but this wasn't left to view for very long. The engines had barely stopped running, on the command from the bridge, when the second explosion occurred under the forward engine room. This was the coup de grace for H.M.S. Oboe. She sank within minutes. A.P. Greer still wasn't sure whether it had been mines, or two well-placed torpedoes from some lurking U boat which had caused the devastating explosions. The whole incident seemed rather vague and shadowy to him now. He didn't know how he had got into the water or how he had managed to remove his shoes and trousers.

"I'll think about all that later," said Greer to himself.

"Surely," he thought, eyeing the flot-sam, "There must be some bloody thing among this lot that will keep me afloat."

There was, but he did not find the boom for another half hour. The long, round spar of tapered wood, that he had scrubbed so often under the critical eye of the Chief Bosun's Mate, was buoyant enough, but it rolled continuously and he had to take a fresh grip on it every few minutes. He tried hooking one leg over it, but this was of no use. He tried lying full length along it but it slipped under the surface. Presently he realized that it was more exhausting holding onto this tipping, rolling monster than it was floating on his back.

His left knee was aching badly by this time, and his face and eyes were smarting from the mixture of salt water and fuel oil which impregnated his skin. The oil was everywhere around him in thick islets, like greasy lillies on a pond. From time to time he felt the nausea rise within him from the oil which he had swallowed.

Under normal conditions, Greer was a happy, irresponsible young man who rarely took anything seriously, but on this night he experienced despair, hopelessness, and physical fatigue the like of which he never knew existed.

Greer noticed the first sign of day in the eastern sky, a faint blue tinge followed by a flush of red, and little by little the sun pushed the night across the sky.

It was shortly after dawn when he saw the boat. It looked like an open whaler. It must be an open whaler, he reflected, since that was the only type of boat the old tub carried. He yelled several times but the effort was too great.

"Oh Christ," said Greer reverently, "Please let them see me."

Petty Officer Budge sat in the stern sheets of the whaler with the tiller grasped in his competent hands. Seven other men sat at the oars. They had rowed spasmodically all night in the hope of picking up survivors. Budge was keeping a sharp lookout. The Indian Ocean at noon on this day looked much the same as it did on any day during the neap tides. A metallic blue sky and an eye searing sun, both reflected by the flat calm sea. There was a shimmering haze rising from the surface which distorted anything seen in the distance.

When Budge first noticed the object he thought his vision was playing tricks on him. Just a bit of wood or something, he thought, anyway he better have a look.

"Let's have a look over there lads, give way together." The men stroked slowly and Budge put the tiller over, still looking in the direction of the object. Suddenly he saw an arm wave limply. "It's a man alright" he cried shrilly, "and he's alive." The men at the oars increased their stroke without bidding.

Greer was in a state bordering on hysteria when they lifted him gently from the water. However, apart from a painful knee and exposure he was alright.

Five days later they were picked up by a Royal Navy cruiser.

Presenting

The W

Results of the 1960 Lit
by the Fai

Poetry

First Place — "To Shakes
by Doreen Lighthall

Second Place — "Castles"

Honourable Mention —
by C. Jon Cross, A

Short Sto

First Place — "A Survivo
by Jim Darroch, Cla
and — "The March

Honourable Mention —
by J.M. Gates, Agr.

How They -

Each entry, as it came in, was given an entry number and the name of the contestant recorded along with the entry number. Scoring sheets bearing only the entry numbers were given to the Judges, who each gave points to each entry. The final judging was done at a Judges' conference. The following is a criticism from the Judges:

"The Judges agree that first place should be shared by Entry No 2, *The March*, and Entry No. 4, *A Survivor's Story*."

"*The March* was the only story submitted that has a theme, that is, that has implications extending beyond the people in the story. The effectively written platform oratory of the opening scene creates an authentic atmosphere of a public meeting. The remainder of the story is not as well controlled. The sentence structure is a bit stiff and flat."

"*The Survivor's Story* — Restrained, sensitive use of lan-

Juniors Cap 1960

Class Plays

The Class of '62 came up with an entirely new and refreshing idea in one act plays when they presented "A Case for Two Detectives" by author anonymous, last Wednesday. The idea behind the whole play was the translation of a murder mystery, as described by two schools of thought, into the action on the stage. But for minor misunderstandings between the sound department and the action, the play on the whole was very well presented — an extraordinary accomplishment considering that it was a comedy! The make-up and sets could have been better; however, they did not detract from the central theme. To use the critics' favourite expression: the actors gave a creditable performance, and that's what counts. Plus of course the fact that I, for one, enjoyed it tremendously.

This performance caps the interclass play activity for this year. There are two more plays coming up next year: Seniors on Jan. 18 and Teachers II on Jan. 25. With the extremely small number of good one act plays presented this season, the judges should not have a hard time reaching a decision.

Contest Winners

Saturday Night

by J. M. GATES, Agr. III

As 7.30 p.m. drew closer in the town of Lakeville, old Jeb Wilson adjusted the goods on the shelves of his General Store for the tenth time in the last half-hour. This was a little procedure that Jeb was sure to go through every Saturday evening and was an involuntary show of his impatience as he waited for the casual arrival of the members of the local Fishing and Hunting Club. The "Club" as such was a rather loosely organized association of individuals who possessed little in common except an overabundance of free time on Saturday nights, and a mutual and unshakable belief that each was a master card player, although not card sharks as the latter term was reserved for "city slickers" of questionable honesty. Even such veteran Club members as Doc Stone remained unconvinced that the laws of chance were inflexible or at least felt that they could temporarily warp these laws for a night of Blackjack or Rummy. The nucleus of the Club was formed by Doc Stone, "Sandy" MacTavish, a professional idler, Charlie Cole — a local farmer who always "dropped in for some groceries", but was persuaded to "stay for a hand of blackjack", Carl Johannsen who operated an electrical repair shop and "charged the highest prices for the least work of anyplace this side of Centerville", and last but certainly not least, Jeb Wilson. Jeb served a dual purpose in the Club. First his General Store was a convenient meeting place and secondly, Jeb was widely known and respected in certain circles for the quality of various distillations which he prepared, and reserved for the privileged members of the Club. Some of the products of Jeb's skill were known by such innocuous names as "Honeydew" and "Golden Glow", while others were more appropriately labeled as "Old Stump Blower" and "Mulekick". At 7.30 p.m. Doc Stone rounded the corner of the store and came into view by the plate glass window. Jeb looked up as the tinkle of the doorbell announced the entry of Doc. Stone, squinted over his glasses, rattled the newspaper he was reading and grunted a perfunctory greeting.

"Ev'nin' Doc".

"Evenin' Jeb. Place is pretty quiet tonight; no one here yet?"

"Nope you're the first one here. I thought you was busy at the hospital tonight and couldn't make it?"

"I was but I managed to hurry things up a bit and thought I'd stroll down for awhile. I left word with the Missus that I'd be here".

Jeb was used to this little dialogue every week with Doc. who "allowed he'd be too busy tonight", but usually was the first one to show up. Jeb, as unofficial information center for Lakeville began an exchange with Doc who had assumed a chair conveniently overlooking the street.

"How's Missus Wood comin' now Doc. Joe was in t'day on the way to the hospital. I never seen a man in such a state of nerves. Couple hours later he was back passin' out cigars an' prouder than punch over that new son of his".

"Yeah I know; he was on Cloud nine for three days. One thing I'll say, he's got an obliging son. It's a rare baby that chooses 4.00 p.m. to come into this world. Most don't give a damn for us doctors who have to be routed out of bed at ungodly hours of the morning."

As conversation passed back and forth the other club members drifted into the store, exchanged greetings and made themselves comfortable. Conversation was briefly interrupted as two or three hot-rod Fords swept by with a rumble of Hollywood mufflers and blare of horns.

"There goes the first of the young fellers, headin' girlin' I expect."

"Seems there's a big beach party t'night down at the Point", remarked Sandy who was one of those rare individuals who have equal knowledge of social events among young and old.

"There's Bob Setter drivin' the lead car; no more sense than his old man had. Remember the time old Bob drove his car over the river bank with the tide full out? When we got down to the car, there was Bob in the front seat, crooked to the ears and watching the water swirl around his ankles. I asked him was he alright, and he gives me this sorrowful look and says, "Who in H... left the drawbridge up?" This gave rise to a round of recollections of some of the many escapades of the Senior Bob Setter, and amidst chuckles the men gathered around a table in the rear corner of the store.

"My jack; you cut Doc and I'll deal."

Toward the end of two or three hands of Blackjack from which no one emerged with a wide margin of profit, the game was temporarily halted by the arrival of Charlie Cole who had to be "persuaded" and then dealt in. Charlie was

Castles

by DELLA GOLLAND, 2 S

Men hate men whose God and colour's not their own.
They quibble and squabble across high wood tables,
And talk.

And a solitary child
Digging a castle of soft, new sand,
Waits.

Leaders feign mercy and truth and diplomacy,
Losing all faith in the kindness of Man :
Suspicion and secrecy,
Weapons and armies,
And war.

And a solitary child
Digging a castle of soft, new sand,
Waits.

The world's survived two, and a third one - so what ?
Eagles fly higher than sickles, they say :
They're stronger and sharper,
They're keen — eyed and ready
For war.

And a solitary child
Digging a castle of soft, new sand,
Waits.

Eagles fly higher than sickles, they say :
The verbose accounts,
Minute points of dissention drag on, drag on,
And, while the empty eloquence of men, in this, an
[egg-shell world,
Persists to drown the cries for peace and love,
A solitary child
Digging a castle of soft, new sand,
Waits.

obviously in a state of mental agitation, and the men waited for him to speak what was on his mind.

"I told the wife I wasn't comin' down tonight," — was as far as Charlie got when he was interrupted by a howl of derision from his comrades. ("Stow that Charlie", growled Sandy with a grin, "Ye'rre foolin' no one with your pious attitude.")

"Well I wasn't comin'", muttered Charlie in an aggrieved tone, "but I had something I figured I should let you know. You know that bunch of Yank tourists who built some sort of lodge over on the abandoned Clark property? Well they've also taken to fishin' in the Mallory stream."

The Mallory stream had long been regarded by the Club as its exclusive property, and great pains had been taken by the men to keep it restocked with bass and trout. Charlie's announcement came therefore, like a thunderbolt and caused a few minutes of uproar among the Club members.

Damned Yankées," growled Sandy and added a few more descriptive terms which reflected doubt on the ancestry of the individuals concerned. After the uproar subsided Doc. took the lead.

"Now look boys, we've been expectin' something like this for a long while, so there's no good in sitting here grousing at these fellows — We've got to do something."

"Yeah, but what! You got any ideas?", came the chorus of replies. This stumped everyone including Doc. A few suggestions which ranged from polite letters to the culprits, to outright massacre were considered and rejected with reluctance. Sandy, who had been sucking quietly on his battered pipe finally spoke.

"Well now, I've been thinking of an old gamekeeper trick that my father used to tell me they used in the old country to discourage practitioners of the old and honorable art of poaching. He claimed that it utterly frustrated poachers. The gamekeeper lays strips of chicken wire along the stream bed and weights them down with heavy rocks. You'd be surprised at how many hooks would get lost on the stream bottom by unknowing poachers."

"By golly that strikes me as a right fine idea Sandy", laughed Charlie, and Sandy's suggestion was unanimously approved amidst the laughter of the Club members.

(Suite à la page 10)

Winners

ary Contest Conducted
Ye Times

ection

ear"

IG.

by Della Golland, 2S.

he Snowstorm"

1

Section

s Story"

III

by C. Mirza, Agr. IV.

aturday Night"

ere Judged

guage. Good imagery. Last part of story is weak. Overlong description of rescue is extraneous to the central experience.

"Third place was given to Entry No 1, Saturday Night.

"POETRY ENTRIES — The Judges agree as follows:

"First place Entry No. 9, To Shake-speare;

"Second place Entry No. 12, Castles;

"Third place Entry No. 15, The Snowstorm."

The Judges were of the opinion that most of the entries in the poetry section were bad, and that it was easy to arrive at a unanimous decision.

The Judges, for the contest, were: Prof. D. W. Cole, Mrs. M. H. Dubreuil, Mr. C. Meir and Mr. A. R. Godfrey.

The "Failt-Ye Times" extends to them its sincere thanks.

The Snow Storm

by C. JON CROSS, Agr. I

When I awoke this dreary morn,
And was from my cocoon reborn,
The window-sill was filled with
[snow,
And day was but a greyish glow.

I could not see the building well;
So fast the fluffy snowflakes fell.
The drifting white swept by the
[panes
And blew across deserted lanes.

The naked trees bent 'neath
[the blast,
Which howled in anger as it
[passed,
And not a soul was there in sight;
The world lay dead in cold,
[grey light.

The only man on Earth, was I:
The last to live, and last to die.
I was alone, and filled with doubt.
"Not quite al : 1", the storm
[cried out.

Around the World

December - Festive month in Holland

Sinterklaas and his Moore servant, Black Pieter, left Montreal for Holland last week. They will be welcomed by hundreds of singing and shouting children and their arrival will be broadcast over radio and television. On December 5th they will ride the Dutch roofs in cities and villages and they will drop gifts through chimneys for all the good youngsters who set out their shoe, filled with hay and carrots for Sint's white mare.

The grownups will celebrate Sinterklaas' evening with jokes, songs, chocolate milk, candies and much laughter and presents. They have prepared for this evening months in advance by making gifts, writing teasing poems, and shopping in crowded stores. It is a hilarious feast, with young and old joining in the fun.

On December 25 the Dutch celebrate the birth of Jesus. Most children help decorate the Christmas tree with the old shiny bulbs from the attic and fresh white candles from the store. It is not such an exciting time as "Sinterklaas", but the atmosphere of quiet festivity is loved by all. Churches in the cities hold a midnight service, in which the choirs of church, schools, Salvation Army and hospitals all take part. Every seat is taken and many have to remain standing.

In the village Christmas begins in the morning when everybody goes to church, where the Christmas story is retold and old hymns are sung. With the "after church cup of coffee" mother serves fruit cake and for dinner chicken, turkey or rabbit are favourite. As soon as dusk approaches the candles in the tree are lit and flames reflect in children's eyes, great with wonder. "Silent Night, Holy Night" and other carols, heard all over the world this day, are sung with the youngest sitting on mother's lap and the oldest trying to set the tree afire while father keeps watch with a pail of water and a sponge. It is a beautiful day and if there is a centimeter of snow on the ground, all is perfect.

December 26th, 'the second Christmas day' usually centers around the afternoon party for the children of the Sunday School. A very large tree, reaching to the ceiling, has been decorated in the church and all parents come to join in the singing and to listen to the special children's story. Oranges and chocolates are handed out at the end of the service.

Then the new year! but that's another story!

Joanne van der Schans
Dick Rector.

JOKE

Her sequinned sweater is much ado over nothing.

Before marriage a man yearns for a girl — after marriage the 'y' is silent.

In the spring a young man's fancy, but a young woman's fancier.

Married men may have better halves, but bachelors have better quarters.

He kept her out till the "oui" hours of the morning.

Christmas



Sinterklaas Parade, Holland, Dec. 5

Christmas in Africa

Christmas in Canada is generally celebrated in rather frosty weather — weather, in fact, generally associated with Christmas. In Central Africa, however, the temperature ranges from 80 to a 100 or more degrees and one expects a pretty vicious thunderstorm at about 4 p.m. followed by a balmy evening, generally spent on an open verandah. However, we celebrate Christmas in the same way as do the Canadians. The folks in the cities and major settlements generally have a traditionally English Christmas, except the dinner is taken in the cool of the evening. The Scottish settlers reserve most of their energy for K???y (Eds. Note: Sorry, we were unable to decipher the actual word — handwriting etc.) as I believe is the custom.

On the ranches, farms, mining camps and all those outposts in the rural areas, or shall we say the "bush", Christmas is a little different, however. The Africans have a tremendous time! A good stock of quality "Uchanala" or beer brewed from millet; corn is prepared, the drums come out and each tribal group, dressed in traditional apparel, will perform war dances accompanied by the clapping and singing of the women folk.

The white families celebrate Christmas as families do everywhere, often inviting in young unfortunates unable to join their own families, and also perhaps go visiting on Boxing Day if the roads are navigable while bachelors find good fellowship in the odd rousing stag party.

Hence the Christmas spirit of Goodwill prevails as it does everywhere.

Michael Symons,
Hugh Saben.

Christmas in West Indies

Although we have no snow in the West Indies, Christmas is still celebrated with all the spirit with which it is celebrated here. To many Canadians, Christmas without snow does not seem like Christmas at all; but we manage to have all the Christmas bustle, excitement and trimmings without the snow. First there is the usual Santa Claus parade accompanied by the fairies, when Santa Claus hands out presents to all the children; but instead of arriving on a sleigh, he usually appears riding on fire engine with the bell clanging loudly.

Then there is the fervour and excitement of the preparations: buying presents, wrapping them and decorating the tree. All the stores are gaily decorated with coloured lights all over town, and Christmas Carols can be heard on the radio. In all the excitement however, the real meaning of Christmas is not forgotten, and on Christmas eve and the next morning the churches overflow with people.

When Christmas Day finally arrives, most houselights are switched on at about four a.m. so that ribbons, paper and tags may be tackled. This day is one of the few when just about everyone can watch the sunrise between 5.30 and 6.00 a.m. and for as long as I can remember, Christmas Day has been one of brilliant sunshine and cloudless skies.

Joan Hollis

Christmas in Hong Kong

The ding-dong sounds from the bell towers of the churches penetrate the air and fills it with Christmas spirit. Although Hong Kong is a small island occupied mostly by Chinese, the sense of celebrating this holy festival is still overwhelming.

On Christmas Eve, the people put on their fancy Chinese dresses, and hand in hand they go to church. Some hold parties to celebrate this holy day, while others spend it quietly. As there is no snow in Hong Kong, white cotton wool is spread over the green pine trees to exhibit the symbol of white Christmas. The colorful lanterns that hang on the trees glisten through the window and twinkle under the black canopy of heaven. In some churches, parties are also held for the poor children. For those Chinese who are not Christians and still adhere to their ancient custom, Christmas is just as an ordinary day. They close their doors and go to bed early.

Christmas in Hong Kong is not much different from other countries because Hong Kong is a British Colony and it follows English traditions.

MABEL LI

GERMANY

It is not the Christmas Day alone, which is celebrated in Germany as the greatest family holiday, but the weeks anticipating Christ's Nativity. The last Sunday in November, the first Advent, recalls the announcement of Jesus' visitation. Following an old custom in each home one out of four candles is lit and on each coming Sunday a further candle spreads the wonderful glow, which is culminated by brightness of the Christmas tree on the 24th of December. For Children it is the time of excitement, expectation but also mystery. There is Barbara, the canonized lady, who puts sweets into wellbehaved children's shoes, that were placed on the window sill in the evening. Santa Claus does not land with a helicopter on the roof of a department store; instead he still remains the rewarding Holy Man who visits all homes anxiously expected by the youngsters. At times he is accompanied by a frowning helper who is said to take away bad children. When finally Christmas eve approaches, the streets are deserted and from behind drawn curtains the glory of the Redeemer is sung. The replica of the Holy Family, under the illuminated tree, surrounded by many presents are the joy of glowing children's eyes. This was the night when two men met in Silicia and composed "Silent Night, Holy Night, today sung in all countries, thus expressing the universal peace and happiness which this Holy Day bears.

Peter Kreuser

The Festive Season In Sunny Greece

Tradition, coupled with a few American ideas, make the sunny festive season of Greece a delight to young and old.

Christmas begins early in Greece. Inhabitants rise at four a.m. to attend the liturgy — Will the star of Bethlehem be seen?

Relatives gather at the home of the father or grandfather to make Christmas day a domestic affair. As in our homes in America, the women have been preparing the turkey dinner for many

weeks. But instead of plum pudding, they serve a special bread — christopsomo — adorned with sesame seed and walnuts.

Gifts and sweets are exchanged New Years' day in Greece rather than at Christmas. This first day of the year is called St. Basil's day, St. Basil in Greece being the equivalent of Santa Claus.

The practice of decorating an evergreen tree (balsam) is not typical of Greece, but wherever American influence has been accepted in Greece, we find these

trees adorned with small wax candles.

The cities are colorfully lit for the festive season as they are here. It is especially breath-taking to see the flood-lit Parthenon majestically outlined against the sky atop the Acropolis.

Following the traditional church service New Years' morning, Greek people spend the rest of the day much as we do — making New Years' resolutions.

By: Marika Salamis, 1G

Treasure Van Here Today

Chug - a - Lug !!

"Mere child's-play! Anyone can run two and a half miles. There is no real challenge to it at all. Now, our race, this afternoon, calls for real ability. It brings out the real men." These comments came from the organizers of the spectacular inter-house race held last Saturday afternoon.

"We want beer, we want beer," was the cry of the eager participants as they warmed up for the First Annual Inter-House Beer Drinking Crosscountry Race. Impatiently, they eyed the bottles of "Cinquante" and "Pilsener." "I want Red Cap," one of the entrants was heard to demand.

"On your mark! Get set! Drink!" With that, the cool refreshing beverages started flowing down 12 parched throats.

"Look at Gibb go! Three pints down and I'm not through my second."

"Look at him run! You'd think they were giving out free drinks at Joe's, the way he is heading down there."

At the second checkpoint, at the local establishment, considerable time was lost as many of the runners were unavoidably detained in the little room at the back. A quick tally showed each team to be short one member.

Coming into the home stretch, the lead has changed. Carefully, Bob Davidson finds his way down to Macula and, in a final burst of enthusiasm, downs the last pint.

Recovering quickly from his momentary lapse, Gibb successfully holds down 2nd spot. But Army seems to be having difficulty. Took 4 pints to get down one.

When all the bottles and contestants had been counted, Glenmore had beaten Macula 24 to 31.



The above photos are scenes from the big race Saturday afternoon. At the left, the contestants are seen early in the race, heading into the 3rd pint. At the right, the happy winner and his manager are seen heading down the home stretch to Macula. Despite a valiant try by the Seniors, Glenmore won, 24 to 31.

Competition

At last week's meeting the Camera Club decided to sponsor a photographic display at the annual Macdonald College Royal. This will be the first time in two years that such a display will be presented as last year the interest in photography seemed to have waned somewhat. Perhaps this was for the reason that in previous years Club members competed among themselves for the distinction of having produced the top quality print on campus.

This year a rejuvenated membership (thirteen at the last count) have taken a broader outlook in the subject. They proposed that all students at Macdonald take part in the exhibition. This, they decided, would not only present a wider range of subject matter but would also invite interested parties to become more acquainted with the facilities available to them through the Camera Club.

PLANS

An alcove in the main library has been reserved, through the kindness of Mrs. Wells, and tentative plans call for a black-and-white display under two categories: (1) snaps of candid life on campus, and (2) prints of artistic value, landscapes, architectures, portraits, etc., taken anywhere. There will also be a colour slide display, and it too will be a competition open to all Macdonald students on any subject of their choice. The best slides will be shown throughout the day of the Royal.

A distinguished panel of judges will officiate and the prizes will be distributed the same day. The Camera Club will be happy to help anyone with the subject and if anyone would like to use the new facilities in the dark-room the membership fee is only \$1.50. Club

S.P.B.G. Report

CARPENTER, McLEOD, VIE FOR LEAD

Indirect word has been received from informed sources that the Gillette Safety Razor Company has joined forces with the female student body in rejecting support of the Society's latest effort, the '61 Carnival Beard Growing Contest. While enthusiasm is high and growth is progressing among the contestants, it is understood that many of the girls on campus have verbally vetoed the whole idea and are tentatively planning active measures. When Joe Ruet, participating chairman of the society, was asked to comment on the reported feelings of Gillette, in New York, he said that it was the society's intention to negotiate for sponsorship by the Razor Company, reserving then the right to illustrate the effectiveness of their quality equipment in removing the proud growths after the contest finishes. As for the female reaction, he states that such an occurrence is unfortunate and that there is little the society can do to give the girls more of a chance, pointing out that contests rules exclude only boys.

members will be glad to show you how to make your own "prints". Ask any campus camerabug.

A list of the final plans will be printed in January. The Camera Club would like to stress the all important fact that you need not be "an Old Pro" at taking pictures but that the one of your collection of snapshots which you treasure most could very likely bring in top honours next February 23rd. Imagine!

Your Future... Our Purpose

After a lengthy period of planning over these past few months, the Royal '61 Board of Directors and Executive will be breaking for the exams. Already, many arrangements have been sought and largely realized that should provide for our best Royal yet, when Feb. 24th rolls around.

The Macdonald College Royal began in 1948, built largely around the livestock show which was supplemented by numerous other displays and competitions presented by the students. Since that time, the Royal, at Macdonald, has grown in size and position and now exists as the highlight of the college year. Over the years, more students have shown their enthusiasm towards making the Royal a crowning achievement and an event to be appreciated by the increasing number of visitors that join the Clan for the day. As a student effort, it reflects the activities and interests of all sections and departments on campus. It involves some effort and consequent reward from almost every member of the student body. It reveals to everyone the many-sided nature of the College interests and objectives. It is truly a pride to every student who participates or assists to be a part of the Macdonald Royal as an official college event and as a Clan effort it requires, as in the past, the interest and enthusiasm of each and every student if we are to fully illustrate "Your Future... Our Purpose" to our visitors in February.

Last year, the Livestock Show enjoyed unsurpassed success with a greatly increased number of showmen. It might be mentioned that a considerable number of these were women students, many from education, so Teachers plan on showing an animal in this year's Royal. Past participants have said that that's an achievement in itself!

Girls, show your calves!

Brazil Means Redwood

"The world Brazil is derived from the portugese for Redwood" explained Mr. Jorge de Sousa Freitas to the members of the International Student's Organisation last Sunday. The meeting was organised by the I.S.O. and, like all its meetings this year, was a huge success. The subject was Brazil. The speaker is a very widely traveled young man, who is taking International Law at McGill — the only University in Canada that recognizes a Brazilian L.L.B. In Brazil, all lawyers in criminal law are required to take a degree in Psychology so that they would have a greater understanding of the criminal element. Mr. Freitas said that there is no capital punishment in Brazil, and that the maximum sentence is thirty years, which is very rarely passed, except in unusual cases.

Education, from Kindergarten to the University (including Law and Medicine) is completely free. The minimum wage is \$50; this is not bad at all, considering that one dollar can feed you

for ten days! The backbone of the Brazilian economy is, of course, Coffee; one-third of the country is known to have extensive deposits of iron ore; and Brazil is the largest producer of Manganese.

The film that was shown earlier, brought out the beauty of this vast country of 66 million people. The larger cities have a population of about 3-1-2 million, not including the suburbs. The architecture is superb; the parks and gardens breath-takingly beautiful. Then of course there is the Carnival — five days of dancing and fun, during which time nobody, but nobody, ever remembers the meaning of the word Work. Explaining the flag of the country, Mr. Freitas pointed out that Brazil was the only country whose flag did not have red in it because no blood has yet been shed in the name of war.

The last meeting of the I.S.O. will be held next Sunday — theme is Christmas in different lands. Everyone is invited.

JOKE

Two cool cats sitting on the pier with their feet in the water.
First: "Man, like a shark, just bit my leg off."
Second: "Man, like be specific."

First: "Man, I don't know. When you've seen one shark, you've seen them all."

Two six-year-old boys were playing on the sidewalk when a girl the same age walks by. The boys watch her pass, then the first one says:

"Her neck's dirty."

Second: "Her do?"



Buy Christmas

Gifts Early

Due to a last minute change of plans, the WUS Treasure Van will be on our campus today, rather than on Wednesday as previously announced. Originally the Van was to have been at McGill all week, visiting Sir George Williams University on Friday. However, due to more interest on this campus concerning the Van, they have decided to spend the day at Mac to round out their week on McGill campuses.

From 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. today you will have a chance to purchase new and interesting "objet d'art" from 14 different countries of the world and at the same time support the international Program of Action in its efforts to raise the standards of health and education among the millions of underprivileged persons around the world. Each year representatives of each member University travel to one of the needy parts of the world to observe conditions first hand.

The materials on sale include many beautiful handmade articles such as ebony elephants from India, soapstone walrus from our Northland, silver ornaments from Mexico, holy water from the holy land, incense from the Orient, and many, more interesting objects from other lands.

We'll be seeing you today, sometime between 10 A.M. and 10 P.M. in the Stewart Hall foyer to inspect and purchase some of the most fascinating objects you will see in many a day and at reasonable prices too. Do your Christmas shopping now for that someone special.

From Lit. and Deb.

Well, here it is! the annual Christmas Party will be held on Sunday, December 11 at 7:30 p.m. in the Dining Hall. This is one of the main events organised by the Lit. & Deb. for the benefit of the students. Ofcourse, St. Nicolas (i.e. Santa Claus) will be there with his presents for chosen members of the staff, and a kiss for any lassie willing to take the risk. Mr. Allister Ridell of the McGill Theological College has been invited as guest speaker. There will be Carol singing.

Interclass debating starts next term as soon as the Class Plays are over. Chairman: Gwen Pickering. Also on committee: Pat Dahms and Ivor Edwards.

The Drama Club has announced its intention of entering in the Inter-varsity Drama League contest to be held at the U. of W. Ont. sometime early next year. No signs yet that any inter-college debating will take place. Interest in debating has been very poor.

Inter-class play writing competition will be judged and two prizes will be awarded: \$10 and \$5.

From the executive of the Lit. & Deb. to all the Clan — a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

THE SPORTS SCENE

from BEHIND THE BENCH

The Aggie Varsity hockey team will be hosting S.G.W.U. tonight for their first league contest of the season, last Saturday's match at RMC being post-poned. In exhibition action to date, a promising squad of pucksters haven't shown too sensational, losing exhibition matches to Lachine and N.D.G. The game with N.D.G. last Friday saw the gang come close to a win but they lacked in team-work and confidence. At this stage little of the green skaters' future can be predicted but one is left with the idea after these few showing that a possible contender is there if it can be brought to life.

Inter-class sports are finished for the first term after a season of questionable success. It is unfortunate that with the opportunities available to male students, so many games are defaulted and interest rides on such a low ebb. Hockey under Glen Hadley, Basketball under Bill Mitchell and Badminton under Doug Burnside start shortly after Christmas.

The swimming team hopes to hold diving practice for its top divers, Dick Cuttall and Ted Wall, at the McGill pool. Word is that a number of students would like to see Archery as a mixed sport under Joint Athletics. Last week the Women's pool was jam-packed for mixed swimming so it seems that this sort of association is gaining in popularity.

During this first term the MAA has equipped the men's pool with new lane markers and it has been indicated that the scoreboard on the football field will be renovated for next season. The Association organized a very successful Tabloid track meet and have fostered track interest generally. The football and basketball teams have been outfitted with new uniforms (where did those cage suits come from?) and the issue of paid qualified officials selected from qualified students has been endorsed by the executive for the '60-'61 session.

The basketball team has dropped a pair of games lately which really isn't that suprising. As last year, we've likely got the best team in the league, man for man, but the team lacks a leader and possibly a little interest. It seems that the OH group (Chem 220) is a bigger opponent than Loyola on the playing field or on the courts...

The J.V. hockey team has been turned to a pair of defeats in as many games against their rivals in the area town league. Last Friday the boys lost to Ste. Annes by a 9-2 count and — this past Tuesday dropped a 7-4 encounter to Roxborough. Taylor leads the team in goals, netting one against Ste. Annes and a pair on Tuesday. Other goal-getters of the past two games are Carr, Piela and Hebert. Goalie Garth Coffin stopped a Ste. Annes drive at the expense of a few stitches but is back in the crease again.

Mac Out-Swims Loyola

A determined Macdonald team of 16 swimmers shaded the Loyola swimming team 59 points to 58 in the Invitation Meet held here Friday night. The Mac team, composed almost equally of Teachers and Aggies, gained 4 of nine firsts and 8 of nine seconds. Standouts for Mac were Luomala and Markis.

Macdonald's relay teams were especially strong, gaining first and second spots in the medley run and showing well in the free-style.

Coach Widdow says the Mac team is enthusiastic and has considerable depth but yet lacks an outstanding swimmer for long distance races. Practices have been well attended and the signs are good for the team to go all the way in the Intercollegiate meet next February if the spirit persists.

Tomorrow the Macdonald swimmers visit U. of M. in another invitation tournament that will feature five contestants, including Loyola and R.M.C.

FIZZ-EDD NO-SWEATS RETURN

THE SECOND YEAR FIZZ-EDD NO-SWEATS HOCKEY TEAM HANDILY WON IT'S FIRST OF MANY EXHIBITION GAMES TO COME THIS SEASON, BY AN OVERWHELMING SCORE OF 7 TO 3. YEA SOPH FIZZ-EDD!

LED BY THE TREMENDOUS GOALTENDING OF DALE "MONK" MUNKITTRICK, AND THE STALWART DEFENSIVE WALL, CONSISTING OF LEONA ABBOTT, BRUCE "THE KNIFE" WALKER AND DOUGLAS "SPARKY" CARR, THE NO-SWEATS EASILY HELD THEIR FRESHMEN COUNTERPARTS TO ONLY THREE GOALS. FLASHY SKATING AND TRICKY STICK HANDLING BY THE NO-SWEAT FORWARDS, BOB "BLADES" DAVIDSON, BRUCE "SPEEDY" BEATTY, TED "TEEDER" WALL AND EARTLAND "POT 'EM" PEPPER, DAZZLED THE FRESHMEN WITH THEIR SPARKLING PLAY. STAR FORWARD DAVE "FLASH" FISHER WAS GREATLY MISSED AS FORMER SPECTATORS REALIZE THAT THE SCORE WOULD UNDOUBTEDLY HAVE REACHED DOUBLE FIGURES. ALL IN ALL, THE GAME PROVIDED GOOD ATHLETIC ENTERTAINMENT FOR BOTH PLAYERS AND SPECTATORS AND WE HOPE GAMES OF THIS TYPE ARE AS MUCH FUN IN THE FUTURE.

Silver Foil Competition

The Macdonald Colleg Fencing Club made its debut into competitive fencing, for the 1960-61 season last Saturday when three of its members took part in the Silver Foil Competition at the Westmount Y.M.C.A.

Two of the fencers, Cliff Werb and Carl Anthony, did quite well to reach the semi-finals of the competition which is open to all classes of fencers, both male and female. However, neither of the competitions got into the finals. Carl Anthony, this year's president of the Club, was eliminated after a series of re-bouts and an unpopular decision.

We pass on our best wishes to the club for continuing success during the present season.

Saturday Night...

(Suite de la page 7)

"By the way Sandy", said Doc "I never realized your father was a gamekeeper in the old country."

"I never said he was, but he was recognized as the best damn poacher in Inverness county, even by the gamekeepers."

Feeling that their plan would ensure the safety of their private trout stream the men returned to their game, and Jeb's jug. At ten o'clock a call came for Charlie, who after replacing the receiver on the hook announced that he felt he should go home. Doc Stone was called to the hospital and the meeting gradually broke up. Thus ended Saturday night in Jeb's General Store.

Ice Aggies Shaded

The only goal scored in the final period gave N.D.G. Juvenile Monarchs a narrow victory over the Macdonald Aggies last Friday night at GlenFinnan. The loss was the Aggies' second of the season in as many starts.

After a scoreless opening period in which both teams battled through close checking and hard skating, Guy Jacob from last year's Junior Varsity team beat the N.D.G. goalie to give Mac a one-goal lead. Minutes later N.D.G. tied the score when Doran Armstrong between the Aggie pipes, was beaten on a screen shot.



GUY JACOBS

Amos Coleman, another recruit to the Aggie roster, netted Mac's final marker of the game and moved the Aggies into the lead once again. Before the period ended, however, N.D.G. came through with the equalizer and the second stanza ended at a 2-all tie.

During the early part of the final frame both teams played close hockey, waiting for the break to move into the lead. Scoring bids narrowly failed on numerous occasions until N.D.G. were finally able to slap the winner into the twine.



AMOS COLEMAN

Both Aggie goal-getters turned in fine performances during the game as did Shea, Graham and Balcom. Although there is much room for improvement, the '60-'61 version of the Aggies nevertheless looked good during isolated stages in the game and carried a determined drive to win to the final whistle. Although few veterans of last year are on the regular team, much of the new blood appears quite capable of carrying Mac into the league playoffs.

Howlett Sets Marathon Record



Jim Howlett, 1st. year Dip. (Agr.) raced across the finishing line more than 150 yards ahead of his nearest opponent to win this year's M.A.A. Harrier Race in a record time of 14 minutes and 28.5 seconds for the 2.1-2 mile course. Grid ace Dale Munkittrick placed second as he did in last year's contest. Winner of the '59 run, Jaanus Roth, dropped behind Dale during the last 50 yds. to gain third spot. Jerry



Trent, Bill Kremmel, and Julius Greff placed 4th, 5th, and 6th in that order.

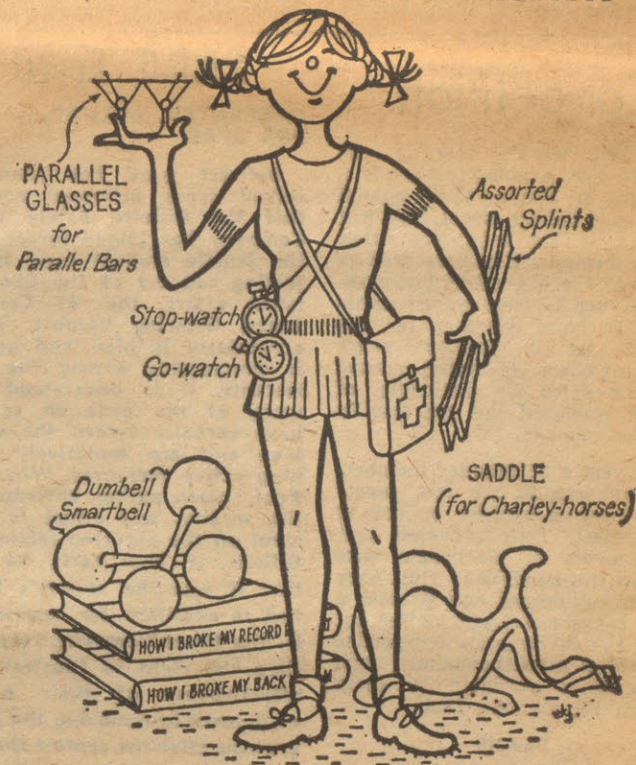
This year's Harrier was the most successful of those held to date, with 31 contestants crossing the finishing line. Class standings for the event are as follows:

- 1st. — Juniors
- 2nd. — Freshmen
- 3rd. — Seniors
- 4th. — Teachers II

Varsity Cagers Downed by C.M.R., Loyola

During the past week, the Mac basketball squad has yielded to a pair of defeats in pre-league action. A week ago, they came out on the short end of a 63-43 count at C.M.R. and lost to Loyola, here, 43-38, on Wednesday. Thomas lead Mac's scorers, against Loyola, shooting for 12 points and Gualy followed with 10.

The Student well equipped for PHYSICAL EDUCATION...



The student well equipped for keeping in financial shape exercises regularly by walking into a branch of the B of M carrying a B of M Savings Passbook.



BANK OF MONTREAL
Canada's First Bank for Students

Ste. Anne de Bellevue Branch:

J. ALBERT LAMBERT, Manager

Co-Ed Archery ?? Track & Field

BY LYNDA DARLING

ARCHERY MEET

Last Tuesday, November 29th, McGill out-shot our team, averaging 413-264, in a meet held here. Highest scorer was Pat Collins, of McGill, whose points totalled 500. Shooting for Mac were Leola Caya, Sandi Munro, Eileen Bryson and Glee Willows.

POINT SYSTEM

Getting and keeping interest in archery is a big problem as always. At the beginning of the year, it was suggested that points be given for performance in archery, which would be contributed towards the inter-class competition. A graded list of tests was drawn up for this purpose, but, due to the fact that this is not done in any other sport, the idea has been vetoed. Thus, the problem of keeping interest is still present. In no other sport is this so pressing—probably because, at the moment, there is very little competition available for archers on an intercollegiate level. When opportunities do arise to compete, we constantly come out badly because we have not had the practice which is essential to shooting with accuracy.

MIXED CLUB

A recent idea, now being looked into, is that of forming a mixed archery club. Such a club would combine the present girls' intercollegiate team, the beginners class and MALE ARCHERS. Having combined the two sections now shooting, we could meet for 2-3 hours on some evening during the week; benefitting from a longer shooting session, and also from such guidance as would then, but is not under present circumstances, available. We have a former Junior Canadian Archery Champion on campus who is willing, but unable to help us! Before looking into this idea, we must find out if there would be any interest in such a club among the men. If there was, Men's Athletics would have to agree to pay for half of the equipment now owned by W.A.A. In the event that such a club could be formed, the male members would have to shoot with the bows now available. These have a pull of only 15-25 pounds; still this is no great handicap in target shooting. Later, more equipment could be purchased. There are at least three mixed Archery clubs now operating in Montreal, each having a high membership. Such clubs would be only too keen to meet for an evening or two with any club that we formed.

Archery is a fascinating sport for young and old alike. It is one that someone can enjoy no matter where he or she is, for there are archery enthusiasts all over the country. Should archers or beginners on this campus know that such a club was in existence, and that we had a reasonable amount of time allotted for practice as well as expert coaching, I'm sure more interest would be shown. We need something such as this to start the ball rolling.

G.F.W.



In the above photo, taken during the meet on Tuesday, are Glee Willows, B.Ed.II (left), and Pat Collins, B.A.L., McGill (right). Miss Collins was the high scorer of the meet with 500 points. For information on Archery, see the article above picture.

On Campus ...

(Following from Page 3)

Another little item that we would like to air is the matter of congestion in the corridors of the main building. It is one thing to stop for to talk at the bottom of the stairs. It is another when the top AND the bottoms are blocked by milling hordes of thoughtless people. This is to say nothing of the fact that the stairs themselves are also blocked with yammering, shoving masses who just can't wait to get downstairs to start talking. I wonder if they ever stop. Here again, it's the same thoughtless few that create a disturbance in the assembly hall every Monday morning. Why can't the people who do all these things have a little consideration of the needs and desires of others? I think immaturity and plain selfishness are the answers.

And how about the problem of fines for freshmen who miss their duties. What's the trouble, frosh? Too much trouble to stand a spell of telephone or other duties? Or is it just beneath to itsy bitsy wittle dignity. With all the gutless creatures who prefer to pay a fine rather than bear a hand, we have one answer. Chuck 'em out. There is no place in this college for people who aren't willing to lend a hand in anything.

Then we come to the drunken bums who simply MUST announce their return to the residence with a medley of assorted war-cries and snatches of abominable singing. Is it really necessary to show that you're a big man this way. Anyone who has to resort to this to prove himself is really in bad shape.

There will be a few changes next year in the Tabloid Track and Field Meet. The girls will no longer have to contend with the hurdles as they will be removed from the meet. It is thought that they are too dangerous for the majority of girls who have never done hurdles before. In order to prevent crowding at the remaining events, it has been decided that men's and women's discus and javelin throw will be separated.

The manager of next year's Track Meet will be chosen at the beginning of the New Year. This will enable her to find out what she has to do, and to choose a committee well in advance in order that she won't have it all to do a week before the meet. Previously the track manager began after practice teaching in September which allowed little time to make arrangements. It is hoped also that next year the meet will be publicized more and that teams can get out to practice and possibly break a few records.

INTERCLASS BADMINTON

BY JUDY IRWIN

Third round singles must be played by December 14th. Third round of doubles by Wed. Dec. 7th. Don't default, it means — 1 for your class.

MIXED SWIMMING

Last week, the big male swimming team turned out, along with regulars Bob Land and Dave Phillips. In all, there were about 15 men. Interest was shown so mixed swimming will be continued. Let's even out the numbers now, girls. You'll have a good time in the HOT pool on Wednesday nights, from 8 to 9:30.

Junior Varsity Basketball

Barb Strom

The Junior Varsity Basketball Team has finally been chosen and their first game will be on Saturday Dec. 3rd.

The players are: Carol Birch-nough, Barbara Penniston, Pat Colden, Wendy Board, Ann Stewart, Millie Caldwell, Diane Farley, Dawn Graham, Barbara Strom, Mabel Li, Berly Amy, Ann Anderson, Eliz. Bertram.

Ann Anderson was elected by the team to be captain and is sure to be a good representative of our team. Two players that should help our team on to victory are Ann Stewart, who is quick at intercepting passes and Barb Penniston whose height gives her a better shot at the basket. Millie Caldwell and Mabel Li are two fast guards that should keep the other team down an scoring.

Tomorrow they will be playing an unknown team so watch out girls, you must be ready for anything. Spectators are needed to cheer the team in its first game of the season. — so we'll see you in the Women's gym tomorrow afternoon.

The Junior Varsity game is at 3:00 p.m. All those watching the Senior game which is played earlier please stay in your seats.

A CAMEL SADDLE



Stewart Foyer
10 a.m. - 10 p.m.

SPOTLIGHTING Women's Sports

by JUDY IRVIN

INTERCOLLEGIATE VOLLEYBALL

BY MARION WADDELL

After much contemplation the Intercollegiate Volleyball Team has been chosen by the coach Mrs. Godfrey. The first scheduled game is against MCGILL on DEC. 7 at MCGILL AND A RETURN match at MACDONALD is planned for after Christmas. A trip to Carleton University, Ottawa is in store for the team after the holidays.

The Twelve Girls Chosen Are:

SHARRON MITCHELL
SUSAN MacDONALD
GIO MALONE
SELY SCHAFFLER
ERMA MONTGOMERY
JANE RODGERS
LORRAINE COONS
JUDY ING
KATHY BOYNE
BARBARA PENNISTON
CHRIS SUTHERLAND
LYNN THOMPSON

As many as 30 girls tried out for the team so CONGRATULATIONS GIRLS!

INTERCOLLEGIATE HOCKEY

FAYE MACDONALD

Girls, here's a chance to get out and show the boys your form—on skates! Hockey practice is open to everyone and if you don't know anything about the game, Miss Nichol can soon teach you. So far we have had two practices which have been well attended, and we can now hold a stick and shoot the puck, start, stop and pass. PLEASE NOTE! TIME CHANGE—FRIDAY'S AT 6:00 P.M. FOR ONE HOUR. Newcomers are welcome. Let's see you out tonight!

The W.A.A. seems to be progressing. Many changes in favour of the organization have been made. Audrey Pope now types the agenda for our meeting so that the reps may have accurate information to relate to their classes. Although we have 18 reps, they are doing a fine job and ought to be complimented on trying to create enthusiasm within their classes. But — How about it Girls! Support your Reps. Volunteer for Teams. They are not out to Force you to go into Activities. W.A.A. is for You; Its Success depends on your Support. The executive has planned to drop in on classes to see their response to W.A.A. events.

Choosing Managers

Last month a new system was tried for choosing managers. Previously, the girls signed up, we discussed the applicants and chose one. This was most unsatisfactory, as although we tried to meet the girls before the meeting, we often failed to do so. Now the managers sign up on the list for each event as usual, but a meeting is held with these people in order that we may find out more about their interest, leadership and dependability. Diane Hawkins was chosen as Winter Carnival Skating Manager in this way and we feel she is a good choice.

Interclass Basketball

Results have been favourable this year with not too many defaults. Every class got out at least one team, some two or three teams. Congrats! to the winner of the Trotters, 2BD, headed by a steady line of Sue Connelly, Eona Montgomery, Isabel Hush, Joan Montgomery.

(Following on Page 12)



Here, we have part of the Synchronized Swimming Team during a brief rest from their practicing for the McGill Water Show being held this evening and Saturday evening at the Currie Gymnasium.

Senior Varsity Basketball

This year's team (1960-61) has promise. Those that made the grade are as follows:

FORWARDS

Gwen LORD	Specialty: ball handling
Karen LANTHIER	level head
Judy Irwin	quick shot
Eva TERAUDS	dead long shot
Carolyn BLOIS	speed and faking
Sue PORTER	she tries (Captain)

GUARDS

Joanne KYDD	interceptions
Jean DARBE	hard to elude
Sally SADDLER	blocking shot
Lynda DARLING	very fast
Margot WRAY	rebounds
Joanne CALLAGHAN	accurate passes

The only two games before Christmas are both league games: Thursday, December 1st, at 8:30 p.m., Macdonald vs McGill; Saturday, December 3rd, at 2:00 p.m., Y.M.C.A. at Macdonald.

How about a little support for our team tomorrow — 2:00 p.m., in the Women's Gym.

ROTS OF RUCK

GRAD NEWS

THE "GRAD" SOCIETY

What happens to the associations that are so much a part of your life today, once you leave Mac

You can still retain a very active and vital connection with the College, and the great University of which it is a part, through membership in the Graduates Society. As "Mac" grads our identity is still maintained in the Macdonald Branch of the parent society.

How do you become a member?

For several years it has been customary for the graduating classes in Agriculture and Home Economics to join the Society as a group. The donation made in a lump sum entitles each person in the class to membership for one year. After that it is maintained on an individual basis by making a donation of unspecified amount to the Alma Mater Fund. We are looking to the class of '61' to continue this worthwhile custom, and hope that it will be carried on from year to year.

Who is eligible for membership?

Any student who has successfully completed one academic year at Macdonald College is eligible to join. We'd particularly like to see more participation by those in the School for Teachers. Mac is your "Alma Mater" too, and would benefit greatly from your support.

What do you get as a member?

In addition to the intangibles, there are some concrete advantages to holding membership in the Society. Four times a year a copy of the McGill News is mailed to each member. It's a fine publication with several articles of interest and news — notes from all grads. There's some very "good" reading in it, and it's an excellent way to keep up to date on classmates.

Women members automatically become members of the R.V.C. Alumnae Association and are invited to attend very interesting monthly meetings. The speakers are of unusually high calibre and it's a fine opportunity to continue your education and enjoy yourselves too.

Members are entitled to use Redpath Library, and other facilities of the University. The Graduate Society offices are housed in Martlett House on University Street and any member may go in anytime during the day and spend an hour or two — or longer — in a very comfortable sitting room.

Class newsletters can be run off and mailed by the staff in Martlett House.

We're grateful to the editor of the Failt-Ye Times for giving us space in the Christmas Issue. It also gives us an opportunity to wish all of you a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

WHAT DOES THE SOCIETY DO?

Perhaps a run-down of last year's activities is the best way to answer this.

The affairs of the Branch are handled by a Board of Directors who meet once a month at the McGill Faculty Club. Last year this Board was reduced in number from fourteen to ten members and the duties of each were re-defined. Older, more experienced and successful graduates were introduced to this board with the object of benefiting from their experience and knowledge.

In the fall of 1959 a Student Loan Fund was established. Loans applied for through existing college channels, are available to students. These are repayable following graduation. At present this fund stands at \$10,000.00, but it hoped it will be possible to add to it. To date two loans have been granted.

Each year two scholarships are awarded to undergraduates for scholastic merit. These are valued at \$100.00.

One of the big annual projects every year is organizing the Reunion held in October. The activities get underway with a football game in the afternoon, following by the Annual Meeting, and a reception for faculty and grads. After a delicious barbecue dinner, a dance and cabaret is held in the Men's Gym. These re-unions get bigger

and better each year — in 1960, there were 275 graduates registered and it was quite evident that everyone was enjoying it immensely.

In February the Macdonald Branch bought a new crown to be used for the Carnival Queen and Royal Queen. Someone had "whispered in our ear" that the existing one was not only getting very shabby but was cumbersome and difficult to wear.

Particular efforts were made last year to set up liaison with the student body at the College. Members of the Students' Council were guests of the Graduate Society and the Board of Directors had the privilege of meeting with them again in the spring at a meeting in the Stewart Room.

Last but not least, the Board of Directors strongly supports the activities of the McGill Graduates Society in respect to the Alma Mater Fund. We participate in a fund-raising telethon in the fall, organized by McGill and as our share contact Mac grads. A percentage of the money in this fund is "ear-marked" for Mac, and the value of this money to the College could not be estimated. It's very worthwhile cause and gives one the opportunity, as a graduate, to assist in the education of those who follow us.

Board of Directors 1960-1961

Past President	Mr. Jim Wilding
President	Mr. Grant Ross
Vice-President	Mr. Peter Flannigan
Secretary	Miss Pauline Corby
Treasurer	Mr. George Edelstein
Faculty Representative	Dr. N. Nicolaiczuk
Directors	Miss Gladys Wynne
	Mr. Robert Flood
	Mr. Donald Smythe

Green and Gold...

SPECIALTY ACTS: Ann Eatons, Carol Leiffer, Barb Mizner, Anne Dilley, John Meikle, Del Trot, Gordie Cook.

SCRIPT - surprise!

An unheard of occurrence was occasioned when John Todd read this year's script several weeks ago. Apparently, most scripts are written the three weeks before opening night. Bill and Pat are working on music and lyrics to match, and we are still dreaming of a title. Pleasant dreams - anyone?

C.F.C

The Saga of Myra Maggot Part 2

Myra had not crawled very far along the road when she unfortunately met Greta Greatly "typical Canadian Girl". Greta stood there, her petite 6' 9" frame casting a ridiculous shadow over the entire road. Naturally she was chewing dentyne. (editors note: dentyne removed food particles her tooth brush often missed.) Greta's greeting was a well aimed red running shoe at Myra's teeth. Of course Myra just laughed, she hadn't any teeth. Myra mumbled something about hello and at once Greta took a liking to her. She drew Myra into her arms, as only Greta could, perforating Myra's stomach with the zipper of her pink leather jacket. Greta had soon talked Myra out of her intended trip to the Zanzibar and the deliciously happy couple roared off on Greta's motorcycle. For a year, this adorable pair travelled around the country indulging in pleasant feminine pastimes — robbing gas stations, breaking up rock n' roll sessions, beating up old men and generally having good clean fun.

Now Myra during this year had been aware that Greta had been perpetually happy. Greta never slept, she never ate, she was just happy. Myra wondered if it was anything to do with the pills Greta took every day. Oh how Myra wanted to be happy like Greta and so one fateful day she sampled Greta's pills. Myra was immediately tranquil but happy and in a state of profound glee ran over Greta with the motorcycle, "for Kicks". Myra's world shattered; Greta was no longer happy!

Myra was terrified, twelve years old and terrified. She suddenly longed for her miserable home in the tender. She ran and ran and at last came to the railway tracks slightly weary after her 100 mile run. Myra sat down on the tracks to wait for the train. As usual the train was late; Myra was yawning. She lay down! SUDDENLY, Myra was horribly aware of the train passing over various parts of her body. Myra just laughed and uttered those fateful words, "Goodness me". One thing about Myra, she had a sense of humour.

The Saga of Myra Maggot was made possible through the "SUPPORT MENTAL HEALTH OR PELL KILL YOU" campaign.

Spotlighting...

(Continued from Page 11)

2P are the victors of the Dribblers, Sue Porter sinking many of the shots. In the 3rd division, the Basketteers, FP3 came out on top, Judy Ing, Karen Lanthier, Karen McCartney and Carolyn Blois being the leading scorers. The semi-finals will be held on Tues. Dec. 6 at 5:30 between the Dribblers and the Trotters. The final between the semi-final winners and the Basketteers is on Thurs. Dec. 8 at 5:00. Both of these games will be refereed by Miss Walker and Miss Nichol. Up to this time, the students taking the referee's course have been tested on a few of the games. The course is now over for this year.

Synchronized Swimming

A routine presented by the Macdonald Synchronized Swimmers will be part of the McGill Water Show to be held on Friday and Saturday. Tickets may be obtained from Barbara Fraser.

Volleyball

Note: The lists for Interclass Volleyball must be in by December 5th. Volleyball will begin January 16, 1961, but the team entries are asked for early because of exams and practice teaching. There will be a meeting of the officials on DEC. 12, 1960, 4:30 when they will be trained to officiate volleyball. Let's see some enthusiasm—there is little doing the last two weeks in January. It only lasts three weeks! Come on out.

JOKE

Men are such clumsy creatures. They can't put a ring on a girl's finger without winding up under her thumb.

Did you hear about the illegitimate Rice Krispie? He had a snap, a crackle, but no pop.

In a Florida cocktail lounge: — Please do not stand up while the room is in motion.

Green and Gold 1961

Held in the Stewart Room, this year's open house was a real suave soirée with coffee and sandwiches, a change from the usual 'pop bottle in hand' affair. Producer Peter Pegg introduced this year's executive:

Director — Geoff Stewart
Script Writer — John Todd
Assistant Script Writer — Pat Clements
Music Director — Bill Phillips
Choir Director — Marilyn Gray
Costume Director — Pat Dahms
Make-up Director — Randi Klein
Lighting Director — "Moose" Guttman
Stage Manager — Mike Elliot
Secretary — Ann MacFarlane
Business Manager — Jim Burnett-Herkes
Publicity Manager — Clare Connor
Choreography — Nancy Jack

The evening ended with the showing of a film-strip of last year's production, which Dot Gaul had brought to the meeting. Those who had acted in "The Rise and Fall of Sammy Small" had good fun laughing at their antics, the newcomers had a sneak preview of what goes on on stage, back stage, down in the dressing room and at the party at "Joe's".

AUDITIONS - another resumé

The Assembly Hall saw many would be Thesians make their debut. The critics had an interesting time although the participants viewed their trial run with mixed feelings. Singing auditions were held Monday night by Bill and Marilyn. Nancy took care of the dancing on Tuesday. We are lucky to have the future Mrs. Toood's help for this, for last year she did the choreography in Western's Review. Acting was auditioned by Geoff Stewart and John Todd. The auditioners, in pairs, acted out a situation. Separately they read passages from Shakespeare or Somerset Maugham to have their diction tested.

The following list of names in no way indicates the final cast selection for the GREEN and GOLD, but merely is a tentative list from which the cast will be chosen.

SINGING: Pat Donaldson, Sharon Cooperberg, Dot Shultz, Barb Strom, Sandi Iredale, Paddy Springate, Carol Day, Sue Farrer, Hope Echenberg, Marilyn Strange, Judy Matthews, Sharon Chicoyne, Sally Gauthier, Beverly Tweed, Phyllis Salis, Loraine Heller, Ivy Jennings, Carol Leiffer, Noelle Tobiasch, Ruth Ruby, Jamie Horner, Ron Hellstrom, Bill Daichum, John Meikle.

DANCING: Betsy MacAllister, Isabel Mackay, Sue Craig, Ivy Jennings, Josephine Thompson, Betty Gordon, Mia Bier, Terry Timshenko, Margaret Farmer, Betsy Jones, Merrily Weisbord, Joan Evans, Sharon Cooperberg, Francis Deragon, Pam Kell, Sandi Iredale, Pat Rounding, Marina Moshonas, Nancy Davidson, Ruby Shear, Ruth Ruby, Roselyn Borenstein, Marilyn Strange, Sue Smith, Judy Smythe, Phyllis Salis, Loraine Heller.

ACTING: Jane Mackenzie, Irene Hartburn, Roselyn Borenstein, Hope Echenberg, Sharon Cooperberg, Marilyn Strange, Josephine Thompson, Carole Leiffer, Ivy Jennings, Linda Kavanaugh, Jocelyn Strutt, Sandra Iredale, Virginia Channis, Terry Timshenko, Marg Farmer, Ruth Ruby, Barb Strom, Sally Gauthier, Sharon Chicoyne, Betsy Jones, Paddy Springate, Noelle Tobiasch, Francis Hulme, Andrew Clarkson, James Darroch, James Howlett, Ron Hellstrom, Grant Living, Ian Cubitt, Martin Redfern, Terry Tait, Malcom Soutten, Peter Hutcheson.

(Continue bottom column 1 and 2)



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